

TALES OF HORROR & SUSPENSE

mister

DATE 52

MYSTERY



10c



I HOPE YOU LIKE TO PLAY GAMES, FOR THIS LITTLE TALE IS ABOUT
A TALENTED YOUNG AXE MURDERER WHO ENJOYED THEM IMMENSELY,
IN FACT, HE WAS QUITE PROFICIENT AT A GAME CALLED....

BUTTON, BUTTON...WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?



THE YOUNG MAN YOU
SEE BELOW IS MICHAEL CARTER,
THE MAN WHO BUTCHERED HIS
YOUNG BRIDE WITH AN AXE...

JUST TWO WEEKS BEFORE I'M **DUE TO
FRY!** I GOTTA BEAT THE CHAIR - BUT
HOW? **HOW?** THIS PEN IS BUILT LIKE
A SAFE!!



PACING
BACK
AND
FORTH
IN HIS
CELL,
MIKE'S
MIND
GROPPES
FEVER-
ISHLY
FOR
AN
AVENUE
OF
ESCAPE!!

I'LL GO NUTS TRYIN' TO
BREAK OUT OF HERE! **NUTS!!**
THAT'S IT! I'LL MAKE LIKE I'M
OFF MY ROCKER! IT'LL BE EASIER
BUSTIN' OUT OF A SANITARIUM
THAN THIS CAGE!!



RAVE PUTS HIS CUNNING SCHEME INTO OPERATION INCIDENT AFTER INCIDENT BRINGS HIM TO THE ATTENTION OF THE PRISON OFFICIALS...

UNTIL ONE DAY HE WAS SUMMONED BEFORE THE WARDEN AND THE PRISON DOCTOR...

AFTER MY EXAMINATION, IT IS MY BELIEF, THAT CARTER IS INSANE!

WELL, HE HASN'T CONVINCED ME, DOC! I SAY HE'S A BAD ACTOR TRYING TO BEAT THE CHAIR!

BUT RALPH, IT'S CRIMINAL TO SEND AN INSANE MAN TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

YES! BUT IT'S JUST AS CRIMINAL TO HELP A KILLER ESCAPE! HIS PUNISHMENT! LOOK, JOHN, WE'VE STILL GOT A WEEK BEFORE HIS EXECUTION! LET HIM SPEND A FEW DAYS IN SOLITARY! THAT MIGHT TAKE ALL THE PLAY-ACTING OUT OF HIM!

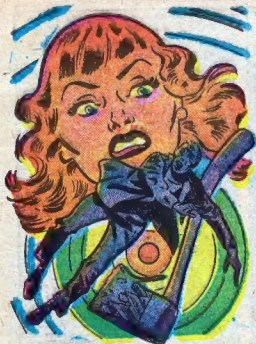


AS MICHAEL CARTER IS LED AWAY TO THE CELLS USED FOR SOLITARY CONFINEMENT, DOCTOR BENTLEY AND WARDEN CUMMINGS WONDER WHAT THEIR EXPERIMENT WILL SHOW...

BOY! IS THIS JOINT A MESS! STINKIN' SPIDER! GET OFF MY BUNK!!

THIS IS GONNA BE A CINCH! I SPEND A COUPLE OF DAYS IN HERE, THEN I PUT ON AN ACT THAT'D GET ME THE ACADEMY AWARD!... MIGHT AS WELL GET ME SOME SHUT-EYE WHILE I CAN!





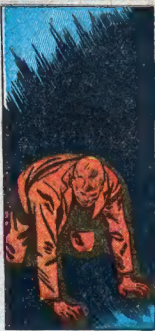
**CREEP, WHAT A DREAM! I
GOTTA KEEP BUSY OR I'LL
REALLY GO NUTS!!**



**I GOT IT! I'LL PLAY A GAME!
YEAH, I'LL PLAY IT WITH THIS
BUTTON!!**



CLICK!



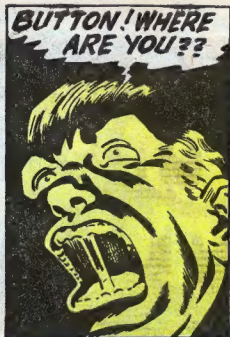
**THERE! I FOUND
YOU!!**

**FOR HOURS AND HOURS
MIKE REPEATS HIS LITTLE
GAME, UNTIL...**



**W-WHY DON'T IT COME
DOWN?**





IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU

GOOD EVENING, FRIENDS! THIS IS ---- OR SHALL I LET YOU GUESS WHO I AM? YES, I CAN BE ALMOST ANYONE... FATE, FORTUNE, DESTINY... OR THE FUTURE! I AM HE WHO LIFTS MAN FROM THE ORDINARY AND TRANSPLANTS HIM INTO WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN... OR STILL CAN BE! OR PERHAPS NOT CHANGE HIM AT ALL! FOR NOW, CALL ME CIRCUMSTANCE! WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE WHAT I DO? THEN COME WITH ME! THEY CAN'T SEE ME... ONLY YOU CAN!

IT IS I WHO ESCORT PEOPLE TO THE, ER... PALACE, SHALL I SAY? THAT IS WHY I FOLLOW THIS MAN! LISTEN TO THEM...

I'M SORRY, MR. LANE, BUT THE METAL CHIP HAS LODGED BEHIND YOUR HEART--AN OPERATION WOULD BE FATAL! THE COMPANY STANDS READY TO DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO RECOMPENSE YOU!

BUT ONLY THREE DAYS TO LIVE: THERE IS NO RECOMPENSE FOR THAT, SAVE TO SEE THAT I'M BURIED DECENTLY!

YOU HAVE NO FAMILY? NO ONE AT ALL WE CAN TAKE CARE OF?

NBODY! NOW I HAVE TO LIVE MY ENTIRE LIFE IN THREE DAYS! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE... THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING TO ME!

CARMEN STEEL FOUNDRY

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL! I WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING I COULD DO!

THANKS--SO DO I! BUT I WILL LIVE THOSE THREE DAYS! I'M GOING TO DO EVERYTHING I EVER WANTED TO DO! THE COMPANY WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO GIVE ANYTHING AFTER THE EXPLOSION... ALL THE MONEY I NEED... BUT NOT MY LIFE!

THREE DAYS!... SUCH A SHORT, MISERABLE TIME! MAYBE IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I, ER... ESCORTED HIM NOW! BUT NO! LET HIM LIVE THOSE THREE DAYS! LET US SEE WHAT HE WOULD HAVE DONE IN A WHOLE LIFETIME, SHALL WE? YOU KNOW... THIS MIGHT BE HAPPENING TO YOU!



THERE HE GOES, SEEKING TO FIND HIS LOST YEARS OF LIFE! HE KNOWS THAT I AM HERE, WAITING TO TAKE HIM WITH ME! NO MATTER WHERE HE GOES, I SHALL BE BY HIS SIDE!

THROUGH THE CITY, DRIVER! I HAVE A LOT TO THINK ABOUT BEFORE WE STOP ANYWHERE!

THREE DAYS! I WANT TO SEE EVERY SHOW, VISIT EVERY NIGHT CLUB IN THIS OLD CITY! FUN... DANCING... MUSIC...

RIDE ON, DRIVER! TAKE ME TO WHERE THERE ARE BRIGHT LIGHTS AND PEOPLE!

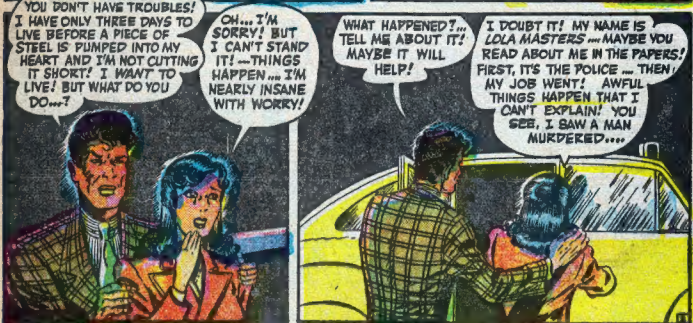


HEY, BOSS!...LOOKIT THERE! A DAME'S GONNA GO OVER THE RAILING!

GOOD GOLLY... STOP THE CAR! I'LL TRY TO GRAB HER!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? ARE YOU CRAZY? THAT'S A DROP OF TWO HUNDRED FEET!

LET ME ALONE!... I KNOW IT! I DON'T WANT TO LIVE ANY MORE! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND... I HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLES ALREADY!



YOU LITTLE FOOL-- YOU DON'T HAVE TROUBLES! I HAVE ONLY THREE DAYS TO LIVE BEFORE A PIECE OF STEEL IS PUMPED INTO MY HEART AND I'M NOT CUTTING IT SHORT! I WANT TO LIVE! BUT WHAT DO YOU DO...?

OH... I'M SORRY! BUT I CAN'T STAND IT!... THINGS HAPPEN... I'M NEARLY INSANE WITH WORRY!

WHAT HAPPENED?... TELL ME ABOUT IT! MAYBE IT WILL HELP!

I DOUBT IT! MY NAME IS LOLA MASTERS... MAYBE YOU READ ABOUT ME IN THE PAPERS! FIRST, IT'S THE POLICE... THEN, MY JOB WENT! AWFUL THINGS HAPPEN THAT I CAN'T EXPLAIN! YOU SEE, I SAW A MAN MURDERED....

"I was coming home from work one evening. In front of me was a man.... No, I didn't know him! Suddenly..."

WHAT -- A SHOT! THAT MAN IS FALLING!...

OH...
I -- I'M HURT...
AH-H-H...



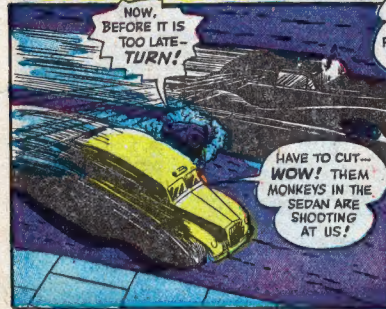
HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO SOLVE A CRIME IF WITNESSES REFUSE TO TELL WHAT THEY SEE! WE'RE GOING TO KEEP AFTER YOU UNTIL YOU DO TALK!

WHY WON'T YOU LISTEN TO ME? I DIDN'T SEE HIM! I DIDN'T, I DIDN'T!



"The police really believed that I saw the killer! They released me after that, but kept after me constantly!"

NOW,
BEFORE IT IS
TOO LATE--
TURN!



HAVE TO CUT...
WOW! THEM
MONKEYS IN THE
SEDAN ARE
SHOOTING
AT US!

"... someone screamed! The next minute, the police were there, trying to get me to identify the assailant, but..."

YOU SAW WHO DID IT--YOU MUST HAVE! THAT SHOT WAS FIRED AT CLOSE RANGE! MAYBE YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG TO THE DA'S OFFICE!

BUT I DIDN'T, I TELL YOU! IT CAME FROM THE ALLEY! I-I DIDN'T SEE WHO DID IT!



LOOK, AND YOU WILL SEE SOMETHING THEY DON'T SEE! I COULD WELL BE RIDING IN THAT OVERTAKING CAR, BUT, FOR THE MOMENT, I PREFER NOT TO! LET US WARN THE TAXI DRIVER, SHALL WE? IT MAY SCARE HIM A BIT...

DRIVER, LISTEN CLOSELY! TURN SHARPLY--
TURN!

HUH...
W-WHO SAID THAT?!



I DON'T GET IT, BUT IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME! THAT VOICE SAVED OUR LIFE!

SEE WHAT I MEAN? THAT IS ALL PART OF IT!

IT'S CRAZY, ALL RIGHT, BUT THERE HAS TO BE SOME REASON BEHIND IT!

TAKE US TO THE GIRL'S HOME, DRIVER!



HOW PRETTY! HE HAS
TAKEN HER HOME AND
COMFORTS HER... BUT
ALWAYS I FOLLOW,
WAITING TO
TAKE HIM...

FORGET ME,
LANE! YOU
HAVE ONLY
THREE DAYS!
DON'T SPEND
THEM
FOOLISHLY!

CUT IT OUT! I'LL
HAVE FUN LATER!
RIGHT NOW I'M GOING
TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS
AND SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL
ABOUT! DON'T MOVE
OUT OF THIS ROOM!

OUT OF TOWN REPORTER, EH?
NO, THE DECEASED WASN'T A
CROOK! JUST AN ORDINARY
MAN! WE HAVEN'T THE
FAINTEST IDEA WHY HE
WAS KILLED! WE ARE
SURE THE GIRL DIDN'T DO
IT — SHE WAS ONLY A
WITNESS!

WELL, THANKS!
I'LL SEE HIS
LANDLADY!
MAYBE SHE
CAN TELL ME
SOMETHING!



Later...

NOPE — NO ENEMIES!
HE WAS AN EASY GOING
GUY! HAD ENOUGH MONEY
TO KEEP HIM COMFORTABLE!
LIVED ALONE HERE EVER
SINCE HIS WIFE DIED TEN
YEARS AGO! JUST A
PLAIN MAN!

PLAIN
MAN — THAT'S
WHAT EVERYONE
THINKS! OKAY,
THANKS A
LOT!



MURDER MUST HAVE A
REASON! ANGER, JEALOUSY,
GREED, FEAR, GAIN, FANATICISM...
BUT NOT THIS ONE! THERE IS
NO REASON! . BUT I WILL
SAVE LOLA! THERE IS
SOMETHING ABOUT
HER....

DO IT QUICKLY,
LANE! YOUR TIME
RUNS SHORT....



GUESS I'LL ... HEY!
THAT'S LOLA'S ROOM!
SOMEONE'S AFTER
HER! I'LL BREAK
THEIR BLASTED
HEADS!

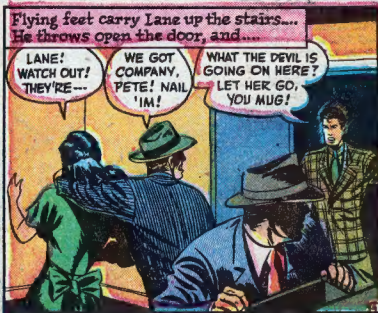


Flying feet carry Lane up the stairs...
He throws open the door, and...

LANE!
WATCH OUT!
THEY'RE ---

WE GOT
COMPANY,
PETE! NAIL
'IM!

WHAT THE DEVIL IS
GOING ON HERE?
LET HER GO,
YOU MUG!



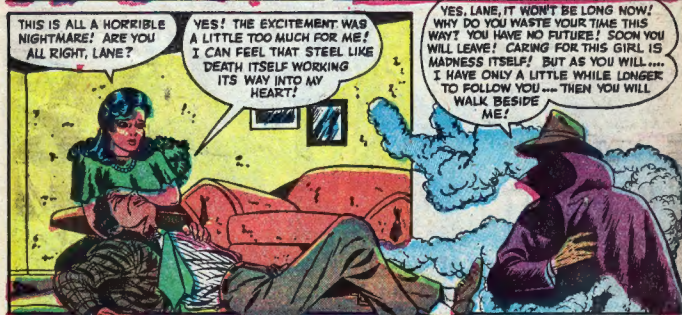


YELL FOR HELP,
LOLA! ... YELL YOUR
LUNGS OUT!

SHE CAN'T, BUDDY!
LAY INTO HIM, PETE,
BEFORE WE WAKE THE
NEIGHBORHOOD
UP!

GET RID OF THE GIRL
AND SCRAM! WE'RE
MAKING TOO MUCH OF
A RACKET!

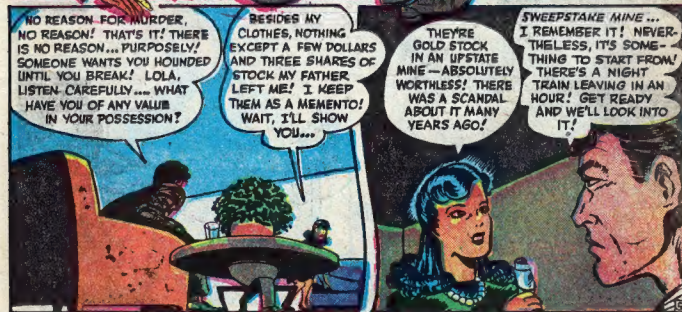
DON'T FOLLOW US, SISTER,
OR WE'LL BUMP YA! WE'LL
GET WHAT WE WANT
SOME OTHER TIME!



THIS IS ALL A HORRIBLE
NIGHTMARE! ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT, LANE?

YES! THE EXCITEMENT WAS
A LITTLE TOO MUCH FOR ME!
I CAN FEEL THAT STEEL LIKE
DEATH ITSELF WORKING
ITS WAY INTO MY
HEART!

YES, LANE, IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!
WHY DO YOU WASTE YOUR TIME THIS
WAY? YOU HAVE NO FUTURE! SOON YOU
WILL LEAVE! CARING FOR THIS GIRL IS
MADNESS ITSELF! BUT AS YOU WILL ...
I HAVE ONLY A LITTLE WHILE LONGER
TO FOLLOW YOU ... THEN YOU WILL
WALK BESIDE
ME!



NO REASON FOR MURDER,
NO REASON! THAT'S IT! THERE
IS NO REASON ... PURPOSELY,
SOMEONE WANTS YOU HOUNDED
UNTIL YOU BREAK! LOLA,
LISTEN CAREFULLY ... WHAT
HAVE YOU OF ANY VALUE
IN YOUR POSSESSION?

BESIDES MY
CLOTHES, NOTHING
EXCEPT A FEW DOLLARS
AND THREE SHARES OF
STOCK MY FATHER
LEFT ME! I KEEP
THEM AS A MEMENTO!
WAIT, I'LL SHOW
YOU...

THEY'RE
GOLD STOCK
IN AN UPSTATE
MINE—ABSOLUTELY
WORTHLESS! THERE
WAS A SCANDAL
ABOUT IT MANY
YEARS AGO!

SWEETSTAKE MINE ...
I REMEMBER IT! NEVER-
THELESS, IT'S SOMETHING
TO START FROM!
THERE'S A NIGHT
TRAIN LEAVING IN AN
HOUR! GET READY
AND WE'LL LOOK INTO
IT!

"But I see that I am not the only one to follow Lane! I saw this man on her fire escape listening to every word! I saw him follow them here! Now..."



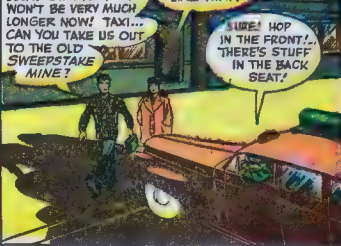
YEAH, BOSS, THEY'RE AT THE STATION --- TAKING THE TRAIN OUT NOW FOR THE MINE! YOU'LL CONTACT 'EM THERE? OKAY! GOOD!

The night passes slowly, and with the rising of the sun, the train pulls into the station

WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY, LOLA! I'M AFRAID IT WON'T BE VERY MUCH LONGER NOW! TAXI... CAN YOU TAKE US OUT TO THE OLD SWEEPSTAKE MINE?

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT!

SURE! HOP IN THE FRONT! THERE'S STUFF IN THE BACK SEAT!



OKAY, DRIVER, WE'RE ALL S--- HEY! WHAT GOES ON?

YOU DO, CHUM! CLIMB OVER THE GIRL AND YOU DO THE DRIVING! I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO GET TO THE MINE!



BUT WHO WANTS US ... WHAT IS ALL THIS?

THIS IS THE END --- YOURS! NO ONE SAW YOU LEAVE OR KNOWS WHERE YOU WENT TO --- AND NO ONE KNOWS YOU'RE HERE BUT US! SLOW DOWN -- THE MINE IS AHEAD!



A short while later, the car pulls up to the mine workings - then ...

I'LL TAKE THESE! WE'VE SEARCHED FOR THEM ENOUGH! NOW, IF YOU'LL STEP OVER HERE, I CAN DISPOSE OF YOU TWO -- OR WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE IT HERE?

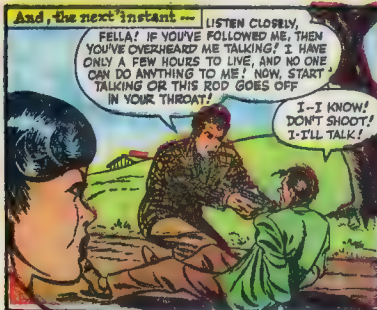
LANE! HE MEANS TO KILL US BOTH!

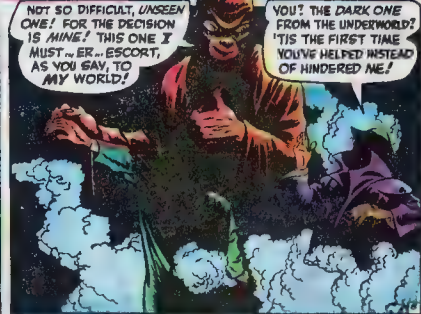
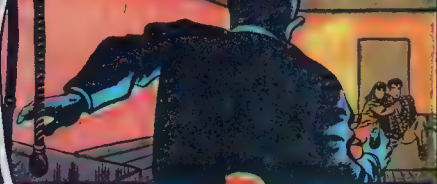
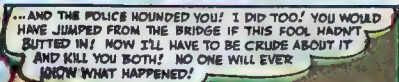
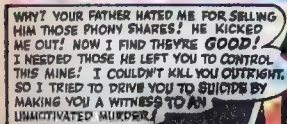
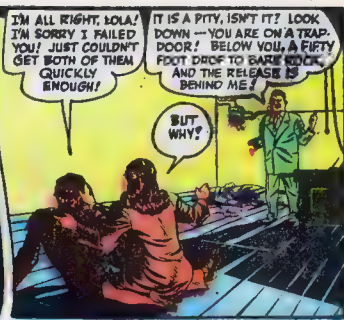


HE MEANS TO -- BUT HE WON'T! I LEARNED A LOT IN THE ARMY!

WHAT--? LET GO MY ARM -- YOU BROKE IT!







"My counterpart from the less favorable regions makes the choice! See how he guides his hand toward the cable instead of the rope! ... Watch closely -- NOW!"

ONE PULL, THE TRAP DOOR OPENS, AND YOU DIE! FAREWELL, DEAR SIS --

YAHAAAAAAA!

LOOK, LANE... SOMETHING HAPPENED!

AND NOW IT HAPPENED! HE'S DEAD! RATS MUST HAVE GNAWED THROUGH THE INSULATION ON THIS POWER CABLE AND HE GRABBED THE EXPOSED WIRE INSTEAD OF THE ROPE!

HELLO, OPERATOR? GET ME THE POLICE! HURRY!

WE GOT ALL THE MOB HE HIRED FOR THE JOB! HE WAS AFRAID TO GET DIRECTLY INVOLVED WITH HER DEATH UNTIL HE HAD TO! WELL, IT'S FINISHED NOW -- YOU BOTH CAN LEAVE!

HURRY, LANE! LEAVE HER NOW! YOUR TIME IS ALMOST UP!

HOURS ARE PRECIOUS, LANE! PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME! THAT PLACQUE ON THE CHURCH -- READ IT... WORDS THAT WERE WRITTEN AGES AGO BY ONE WISER THAN US!

...AND KNOWING HOW THE POLICE WOULD HOUND HER, HE HAD HER FIRED FROM HER JOB! HE KEPT HIS MEN AFTER HER UNTIL SHE WAS NEARLY CRAZY, READY TO STEP OUT AFTER HER DEATH AND COLLECT HER BELONGINGS!

THE PLACQUE GLOWS! AND A VOICE SPEAKS TO ME! YES, MASTER, I HEAR! I WILL FOLLOW HIM NO LONGER THEN!

LIFE IS LOVE. LOVE IS LIFE. FOR MAN TO GIVE HIS LIFE TO HELP MAN, LIFE IS EVERLASTING.

SOME PECULIAR FEELING HAS COME OVER ME! ALL RIGHT, LOLA, WE'LL FACE IT TOGETHER! WHO KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN? WE'LL BE MARRIED RIGHT HERE!

NOTHING WILL HAPPEN, LANE! THAT PLACQUE, IT ... WELL, I JUST KNOW EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

A GREATER VOICE THAN MINE HAS SPOKEN! WE WILL LEAVE THEM NOW, FOR SHORTLY HE WILL BE WELL AGAIN! SOMETIMES IT IS THUS, BUT NOT ALWAYS! THERE ARE OTHERS TO BE FOLLOWED AND, ER -- ESCORTED! I WILL TAKE YOU

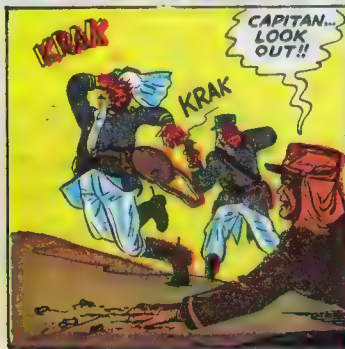
WITH ME SOON AGAIN! BUT REMEMBER, IT MAY BE YOU WHOM I FOLLOW!

THE END

THIS IS A TALE THAT WILL PARCH YOUR TONGUE... TORTURE YOUR SOUL AND PUT SAND IN YOUR CRAW... A STORY OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION AND...

BURNING SANDS







NOW 'FRIEND'
SCHMIDT, I
SHALL TROUBLE
YOU FOR SOME
VATER!

VA, SURE,
KRAUSE...
HERE IS
DER
CANTEEN!

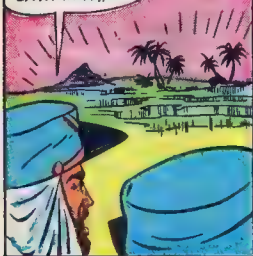
BUT WATER DOES NOT
LAST LONG WITH GREEDY
LEGIONAIRES. ALL DAY
LONG THE SUN BEATS
DOWN ON THE TWO,
DRIVING ALL LOGIC FROM
THEIR MINDS UNTIL...

SCHMIDT! LOOK
OVER DERS! VE
BEAT DER DESERT!
VE BEAT IT!
HAIHAHA!

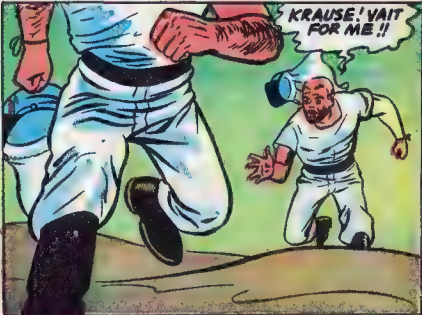
I SEE IT KRAUSE!
I SEE IT! VE VON
DIS TIME! VE
VON!!



LOOK AT ALL
DER VATER,
SCHMIDT! VE CAN
BATH IN IT!!



KRAUSE! WAIT
FOR ME !!



DERE IT IS!
IS IT NOT
WONDERFUL?

VATER!
AH... I SHALL
DRINK
FOREVER!!

I SHALL DRINK IT
ALL IN! IT IS WONDER
FUL! IT IS... NO! NO!...



THE THIRST-STARVED
MEN DUG THEIR FACES
INTO THE MIRAGE AND
DRANK THEIR FILL - BUT
THE 'LIQUID' BAGGED
THEM, THEN CAUGHT
IN THEIR THROATS
AND FINALLY THEY
SUFFOCATED - AND
AS THE VULTURES
WENT ABOUT THEIR
BUSINESS, THEY
REELLED IN SURPRISE
AS THE DESERT
SANDS TRICKLED
FROM THEIR MOUTHS...

A DRY
TALE, NO?
HEH! HEH!
HEH!



THE MAN WITH THE GREEN THUMB

DR. DANA smiled inwardly as the tiny rose shuddered, then burst into bloom. He had done it! Brought a plant from germination to bloom in a period of four days! The eminent horticulturist sighed, then went back to the prosaic task of writing up his notes. The typewriter clattered as his nimble mind outraced his fingers.

"Still fooling around with those weeds, Doc?"

Dr. Dana slowly turned to face his tormentor. Without looking up he knew it was Tony Draco, his boss. Draco, petty racketeer, was trying to muscle in on the "Big Boys" and had bought a pretentious home in wealthy Westchester County for show. He believed that by surrounding himself with things of culture and intelligence, some of it might rub off on him. That was why Dana worked for him . . . to make his gardens the most beautiful in the county.

But Dana worked for Draco not through choice . . . he was forced to. Somehow the gangster had discovered something in the doctor's past that he was using as blackmail. He had found out about the illegal operations the scientist had performed, and was now using them as a club to force Dr. Dana to work as his gardener. Not that Dr. Dana minded, for it was only among the flowers that he was truly happy. For Dr. Dana also had a reputation as being an outstanding horticulturist. "The Man With The Green Thumb" they called him . . . he could make anything grow!

Draco waved his hand at the numerous flasks, and the glowing bunsen burner. "When are you going to get rid of this junk and get to work on my gardens? I'm not paying you for anything but putting the place in shape for the flower show! So you'd better forget about these experiments and get to work on those weeds I saw sprouting up in the rose beds!"

Dana shrugged. How could he expect this ignorant thug to understand what he was doing?

The scientist slowly took off his white smock and carefully hung it in the closet. He knew that slowness exasperated Draco, and waited for the storm that was sure to come.

"Shake a leg, Dana, or I'll have you mowing the lawn too! I'll never understand you, puttering around here all day for a few bucks when with your know-how you could have power! That's what I'm after . . . POWER! And when I get it, I'll be able to stand up to The Syndicate and make 'em do things my way!"

Draco shrugged his shoulders and fingered his cigarette into the fireplace. "Aww, what's the sense in talking to you . . . you won't understand about Power. But when I get it, I'll show you how it can be used. One of these days they'll be hearing from Mr. Tony Draco . . . and when I talk they'll jump!"

Dr. Dana struggled into his jacket, then reached for one of the glasses on the lab table. He drank

his fill, then recoiled at the slightly acid taste. He had drunk from the wrong glass! Getting to be like the typical absent minded professor! He thought back through the formula he had swallowed, and then promptly forgot about it when he realized the concoction was harmless. The only thing that irritated him was the fact that he had just drunk the product of four month's work. Now he would have to begin all over on his latest experiment!

The two men walking among the blooming flowers, examining them as they walked. Dr. Dana noted with pride that here was the fruit of his knowledge . . . never had he seen anything so beautiful.

"Here's the place I was telling you about," Draco hollered. "Look at them weeds . . . now clean up that bed before the flower show."

On his hands and knees, Dana tugged at the weeds choking at his prize roses. Deep in thought, the horticulturist did not notice the glint of glass partially hidden by the rich, brown earth. It wasn't until the sharp bite of pain bit into his hand that he realized what had happened.

"Draco, I've been cut! Better get some iodine and bandages, this is liable to become infected!"

The hoodlum turned and trotted off toward the house, while Dana examined the deep wound in his hand.

"Something wrong here, but I don't know what!"

The scientist carefully scrutinized his palm, then staggered back as he realized what was amiss. THERE WAS NO BLOOD COMING FROM THE WOUND! The cut was there, but the crimson life-fluid was missing!

Draco had returned by this time, his hands loaded down with bottles and bandages. As they worked over the wound, Draco stared at the hand. "Hey Doc, how come there's no blood?"

So he had noticed it too! Dana thought quickly. "Oh, it didn't bleed much and I sucked off whatever there was. It happens all the time in wounds of this kind!" Quick thinking. Dana, that ought to put him at ease until you find out what really happened.

"Think I'll go back to the greenhouse and really take care of it. No sense in taking any chances!" Without waiting for Draco to reply, the scientist set off along the driveway in the direction of his shop.

His mind completely occupied by what had happened, Dana didn't even realize the presence of the car until Draco's warning. "Doc, look out!"

Breaks squealed as the car tried to fight its way to a halt, then it skidded into the spread-eagled figure of Dr. Dana. It struck . . . then rebounded! It was if it had run head-on into, well maybe a . . . tree!

Draco came running up and quickly halted the chauffeur's apologies. "I ain't interested in how

come you didn't see the Doc, all I care about is the damage to the front. Look at it!"

The three men stared at the pushed-in grill. "That just happened when I ran into Dr. Dana."

"Nonsense, man! Do I look as I had the strength to do that?" indignantly replied the horticulturist. "And it looks like rain, so I won't stand here and argue with you." And with that he turned and walked toward the greenhouse. He reached there just as the heavens opened up, and looking back through the storm he could see Draco and the chauffeur arguing over what had just occurred.

Taking off his wet jacket, Dana also wondered what had happened. First the incident with the cut and not a trace of blood, then the damage to the car. Some funny things had taken place since he had drunk that mixture. Better look into it. He went to the cabinet which stored his notes and sheafed through the myriad of papers. Finally he found what he was looking for . . . the notes on the formula he had drunk. Not much to go on, just three pages of scribbling and marginal notes. Seating himself at the rollback desk, Dana went to work.

It wasn't until many hours later that Dr. Dana looked up from the mystery in front of him. It was there in black and white . . . but it shouldn't be! It wasn't possible, not in this day and age. And yet, there it was!

Dana stood in front of the mirror examining himself. It was true! There it was in black and white . . . or was it GREEN AND BROWN! He looked at his hands. NO! They were . . . ! The sound of the storm swirled outside, then raged in through the open door. The dripping figure of Draco stepped inside, and locked the elements behind the closed portal. The two men stared at each other across the greenhouse. The only sound was that of the drip-drip-drip of the rivulets of water from Draco's coat as they pinged against the cement floor.

"I want those notes, Dana."

"They mean nothing to you. You won't even understand them!"

"No, but I do understand what they mean . . . POWER! I'm not as stupid as you think, I realize what happened today. First you cut yourself and don't bleed. Then a car smacks into you, and the only thing that happens is that it gets banged up! Something's happened to you where you've become a SUPERMAN! And when I get a hold of your secret, the same thing can happen to me. Then let's see how The Syndicate treats me . . . with power like that I can rule the underworld! Maybe even the whole world!"

"I don't know what you're talking about, all that—"

"You know, and in a few minutes so will I! I saw you drink that gook this afternoon, and I've been watching you all night! Those notes you were reading are what I want!"

"Never . . . I'd die rather than give you these notes!"

Drawing a small revolver from his pocket, Draco

moved toward the scientist. "That might be arranged," was all he said. The gun barked twice and Dana staggered as the shots struck his chest. But he moved forward. Again and again the revolver coughed, never stopping until the two men were grappling with each other. Dr. Dana lifted his arm and with a forearm blow struck the hoodlum across the side of the head. He fell to the floor, and after a quick examination Dana realized he had killed him.

Papicky now, the horticulturist raced out into the storm. Clutched tightly in his hand were the pages of notes. He was oblivious to the rain and wind as it pelted into his face . . . his only concern were what to do with the secret he held.

Stopping suddenly, Dana lifted his face to the sky. He raised his arms, as if in prayer.

"Oh Lord show me the way! I have killed a man in guarding this secret, but what do I do now? What's the answer to these notes? Oh, Lord, there must be some solution!"

As if answer, the heavens opened up; the winds shrieked as they raced through the trees, thunder clapped like miniature atomic explosions, and the rains poured down inundating the entire countryside. Suddenly a lightning bolt snapped through the overcast illuminating the entire scene. It appeared to strike at the heart of Dr. Dana. The papers he held twisted out of his hand onto the ground. The rain pelted out the writing like a giant eraser stretching across the page.

The sun beat down warming the earth beneath it. The two women moved among the blooming flowers, admiring them as they walked.

"Isn't it a shame that Mr. Draco didn't live to see his first prize in this year's flower show?"

"Yes, especially when he tried so hard to win. Even hired Dr. Dana, the famous horticulturist to work for him!"

"Wasn't it awful how they found his body in the greenhouse with his skull crushed!"

"They believe it was Dr. Dana who killed him. Nobody's seen hide nor hair of him since the night of the murder!"

The two women meandered along and finally stopped in front of a huge oak tree. Two branches stretched skyward as if they were arms gesturing in prayer.

"I don't remember seeing this tree here last year, do you?"

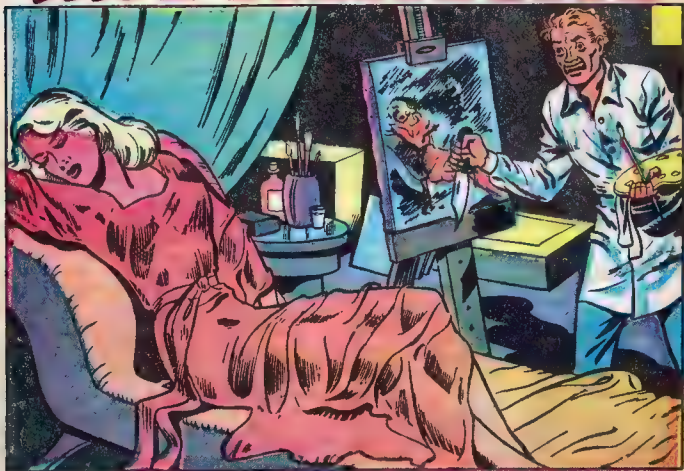
"No, and it is a funny place for an oak tree . . . right near the greenhouse. See the scar up there, it looks as if it had been struck by lightning!"

"And look at those holes in the trunk . . . why, it can't be! Yes, they are . . . bullet holes!"

A mischievous breeze tugged at the women's skirts, then pulled at the three ink spattered pages it found partially buried in a rose bed. The papers sped along the ground, then were whipped around a corner of the huge mansion. They landed on a pile of burning leaves where a gardener watched them coil and twist into flame.

ONE CALLED HIM A GENIUS! OTHERS SAID HE WAS INSANE. WHAT HE WAS STRIVING FOR COULDN'T BE ACHIEVED, PROCLAIMED THE CRITICS. BUT WHETHER A GENIUS OR A LUNATIC, YOU COULD SEE IT ALL IN....

The PAINTING



LARRY, I WANT YOU TO GO UP TO THE STATE MENTAL INSTITUTION AND GET AN INTERVIEW WITH CHARLES CRAVEN, THE PAINTER. YOU REMEMBER HIM DON'T YOU?

SURE, I DO, BUT HOW CAN I GET AN INTERVIEW WITH A LUNATIC? WILSON, YOU'RE ALWAYS SENDING ME ON THESE WILD GOOSE CHASES!

THE LETTERS I'VE BEEN GETTING FROM HIM DON'T SOUND LIKE THE RAVINGS OF A MADMAN. I'VE GOT A HUNCH THERE'S A REAL STORY BEHIND THOSE WALLS..... YOUR JOB IS TO GET IT!

OKAY, OKAY, I'LL GO... BUT I WON'T LIKE IT! NOW DON'T BE SORE IF I COME BACK WITH NOTHING... REMEMBER, THIS GUY IS NUTS!



AND A FEW HOURS LATER, BEHIND THE GRIM, GRAY WALLS OF THE STATE MENTAL INSTITUTION...

THAT'S RIGHT, DOCTOR. I'M HERE TO DO A STORY ON CHARLES CRAVEN, THE PAINTER. PERHAPS YOU CAN GIVE ME SOME BACKGROUND MATERIAL.

WELL... HE IS A MODEL PATIENT. NEVER A PEEP OUT OF HIM! BUT I DON'T THINK HE REALIZES WHAT HE'S DONE, AND HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY WE DON'T LET HIM PAINT! COME, I'LL LET YOU SPEAK TO HIM YOURSELF!

I'M FROM THE DAILY GLOBE, MR. CRAVEN. I'VE COME TO DO A STORY ABOUT YOU!

GLAD TO SEE SOMEONE WHO BELIEVES I'M SANE. I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER START AT THE BEGINNING!

LIKE MOST KIDS OF WEALTHY PARENTS, I WAS SPOILED. THE ONLY THING THAT HELD MY INTEREST IN MY YOUTH WAS PAINTING.

I'M GLAD TO SEE SOMETHING INTERESTS THE BOY, EVEN IF IT'S ONLY PAINTING. I WAS BEGINNING TO WORRY ABOUT CHARLES!

BUT SHOULDN'T SOMETHING BE DONE ABOUT THIS TALENT OF HIS? MAYBE SEND HIM TO PARIS FOR REAL INSTRUCTION...



BUT FOR A TIME I FARED NO BETTER THAN THE OTHER STUDENTS...

NON, NON, MONSIEUR! THE ANATOMY IS GOOD BUT THE COLOR... MON DIEU ! IT IS SO PALE !

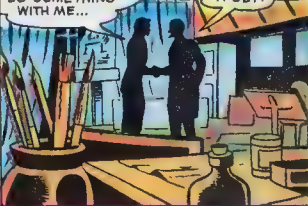
I JUST CAN'T GET IT... IT DOESN'T SEEM REAL TO ME!



ANOTHER USUALLY HAD HER WAY AND SO TWO YEARS LATER FOUND ME IN PARIS AT THE SCHOOL OF MONSIEUR GALLERNEAU.

I'M YOUR NEW STUDENT, MONSIEUR. PERHAPS YOU CAN DO SOMETHING WITH ME...

I SHALL TRY... AND IF THE TALENT IS THERE, I CAN BRING IT OUT!



BUT ONE DAY, AS I WAS CLEANING OUT THE CAGES OF THE ANIMALS WE USED AS MODELS, IT SUDDENLY CAME TO ME!

COLOR WILL NEVER SEEM REAL TO ME, UNLESS... YES I CAN FEEL IT ALREADY! THAT'S THE ANSWER!

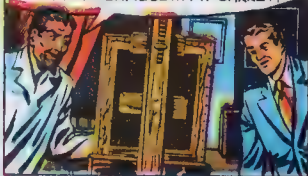




THIS WAS THE ANSWER! I COULD FEEL THE COLORS SURGING THROUGH MY VEINS, OUT MY FINGER TIPS, AND FINALLY APPEARING ON THE CANVAS! I HAD FOUND THE SECRET TO TRUE COLOR AT LAST!

ANY DOUBTS AS TO THE GENIUS BEHIND THIS PAINTING WERE QUICKLY QUIETED BY THE RECEPTION I GOT FROM MONSIEUR GALLERNEAU...

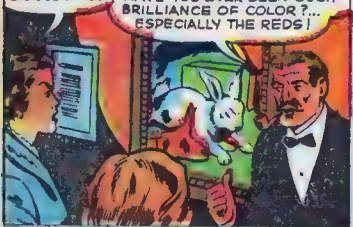
THE STUDENT HAS BECOME THE TEACHER! GO! YOU CANNOT LEARN FROM ME ANYMORE. BUT I WILL ALWAYS BOAST THAT MONSIEUR CRAVEN PAINTED HIS FIRST MASTERPIECE IN MY GARRET!



MY PICTURE HAD A PUBLIC SHOWING AND SUCCESS WAS MINE. NOW I COULD REALLY TURN TO SERIOUS PAINTING.

UGGHH! HOW DISGUSTING!

DISGUSTING, PERHAPS. BUT HAVE YOU EVER SEEN SUCH BRILLIANCE OF COLOR?... ESPECIALLY THE REDS!



BUT IT WAS NO USE! TRY AS I DID, I ONLY ACHIEVED FAILURE!

THE LIFE FROM MY COLORS IS MISSING! IT'S GONE... I'VE LOST THE TOUCH! AND THE ONLY WAY TO GET IT BACK IS...



BUT THAT WASN'T THE ANSWER! THE SIGHT OF BLOOD DID NOTHING TO ME... AND MY ATTEMPTS WERE AMATEURISH EFFORTS DOOMED TO FAILURE.

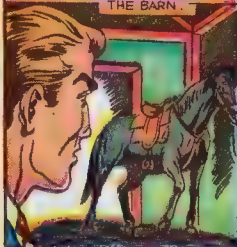


PERHAPS MY FORMER TEACHER, MONSIEUR GALLERNEAU, HAD THE ANSWER... I DIDN'T.

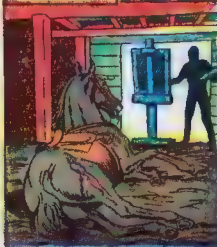
YOU ARE JUST OVERWORKED MONSIEU. WHAT YOU NEED IS SUNSHINE AND FRESH AIR. WHY DON'T YOU GO TO MY PLACE IN THE COUNTRY FOR A FEW DAYS.... THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



THE REST DID ME GOOD. NOT THAT I FELT MUCH BETTER JUST BEING IN THE OUTDOORS. BUT THE URGE TO PAINT DIDN'T RETURN UNTIL ONE DAY IN THE BARN.



ONCE AGAIN I FELT ALIVE! THE VIVID COLORS BLURRED BEFORE MY EYES.... BUT NOT BEFORE I GOT THEM DOWN ON CANVAS!

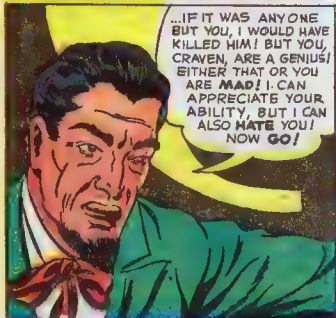


THE RECEPTION FROM THE MASTER WAS THE SAME AS BEFORE... I HAD CREATED ANOTHER MASTERPIECE!

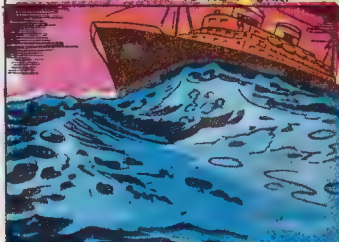
SACRE BLEU! THEN YOU'RE NOT ANGRY ABOUT YOUR MARE? I WAS AFRAID IT IS AMAZING!



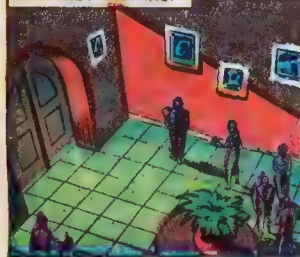
...IF IT WAS ANYONE BUT YOU, I WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM! BUT YOU, CRAVEN, ARE A GENIUS! EITHER THAT OR YOU ARE MAD! I CAN APPRECIATE YOUR ABILITY, BUT I CAN ALSO HATE YOU! NOW GO!



AS SOON AS WORD GOT AROUND THE ART GALLERIES FROM GALLERNEAU I WAS OSTRACIZED. PARIS NO LONGER HELD OUT THE WELCOME SIGN FOR ME... AND I RETURNED HOME TO NEW YORK.



WHERE FAME AND FORTUNE AWAITED ME... WORD OF MY ABILITY HAVING ARRIVED BEFORE ME, AND THE GALLERY-GOERS EAGERLY AWAITED MY FIRST SHOWING.



SOON FORGOT ABOUT PAINTING AS LIFE BECAME ONE PARTY AFTER ANOTHER. IT WAS AT ONE OF THESE COCKTAIL PARTIES THAT I MET THE GIRL WHO WAS TO INFLUENCE MY LIFE!

CHARLEY, MEET SELENE ROSS. THIS IS CHARLES CRAVEN, THE PAINTER. I THINK YOU TWO WILL GET ALONG FAMOUSLY!

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU, MR. CRAVEN. I'VE ADMIRERD YOUR WORK FOR SO LONG NOW!

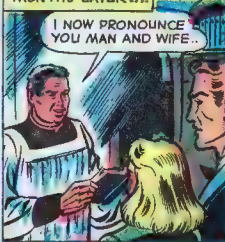
IT'S ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO MEET ONE'S ADMIRERS, ESPECIALLY PRETTY ONES!



LIFE WAS PLEASANT TO TO CHARLES CRAVEN FOR THREE MONTHS. HE HAD FAME, FORTUNE AND A WOMAN TO LOVE.



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE TWO OF US TO REALIZE OUR FEELINGS TOWARD EACH OTHER, AND A FEW MONTHS LATER....

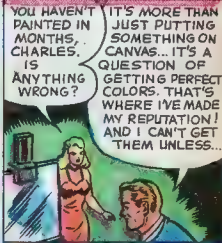


I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE...

BUT THE TIME FLEW BY AND I TRIED TO PUT SOMETHING DOWN ON CANVAS. IT WAS NO USE...

YOU HAVEN'T PAINTED IN MONTHS, CHARLES. IS ANYTHING WRONG?

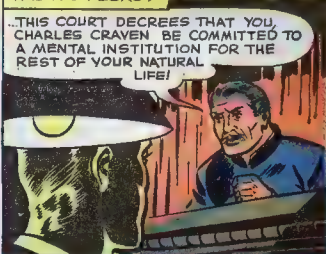
IT'S MORE THAN JUST PUTTING SOMETHING ON CANVAS... IT'S A QUESTION OF GETTING PERFECT COLORS. THAT'S WHERE I'VE MADE MY REPUTATION! AND I CAN'T GET THEM UNLESS...



IT WAS ALL OVER IN A FEW MINUTES! SHE CEASED TO STRUGGLE AS HER BLOOD PULSED OUT OF HER BODY... AND THEN TOOK ON NEW LIFE AS SHE BECAME PART OF MY CANVAS. MY LATEST MASTERPIECE!



BUT AT THIS POINT YOUR MAD SOCIETY ADMINISTERED WHAT IT CALLED "JUSTICE." EVEN GENIUS APPARENTLY HAS IT'S PEERS!



...THIS COURT DECREES THAT YOU, CHARLES CRAVEN BE COMMITTED TO A MENTAL INSTITUTION FOR THE REST OF YOUR NATURAL LIFE!

BUT I'M NOT INSANE! MY MASTERPIECE OF SELENE WILL PROVE THAT! I HAVE SHOWN IT TO NO ONE! HERE, LET ME SHOW IT TO YOU... THEN YOU CAN JUDGE FOR YOURSELF!



I'D LIKE TO SEE IT VERY MUCH!

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT? NOTICE THOSE COLORS! ESPECIALLY THE REDS! ONLY A GENIUS COULD HAVE PAINTED THAT!



INSANE, YOU SAY? PERHAPS! A GENIUS COULD BE! WANT TO SEE SOME OF HIS PAINTINGS? JUST LOOK ABOUT YOU, THEY'RE TAKEN FROM LIFE ITSELF! OR WAS DEATH HIS MODEL? HEH... HEH... HEH...!



A TALE OF A TWENTIETH CENTURY CHARLATAN DELVING INTO THE SECRETS OF THE ANCIENTS... OF A MODERN SWAMI WHO USED THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ANCIENTS FOR HIS OWN BENEFIT... THIS IS THE STORY OF...

the FAKER!



WHEW! WHAT A TOUGH NIGHT! BUT THE ACT WENT OVER PRETTY GOOD... THESE SUCKERS WILL BELIEVE ANYTHING!



MY BOSS, MR. HORACE TURNER, WISHES TO SEE YOU. IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN EARNING A FEE, BE AT HIS MANSION AT NINE TOMORROW NIGHT!

TELL YOUR MASTER I WILL BE THERE!



NOW, LET'S SEE... TURNER... AH, HERE IT IS! HORACE TURNER, WEALTHY LUMBER TYCOON... AND INTERESTED IN PSYCHIC PHENOMENA, SO THAT'S WHY HE'S INTERESTED IN ME... WELL, MR. HORACE TURNER, I SHALL NOT DISAPPOINT YOU!



THE SWAMI, REALIZING THAT HERE WAS HIS CHANCE ON THE BIG KILLING AND ALSO THAT HORACE TURNER WAS NO FOOL... HE SAT DOWN TO READ ABOUT THE SUBJECT OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA!



AND FINALLY, AT NINE THE NEXT EVENING...

GOOD EVENING, MR. TURNER, YOU HAVE SUMMONED AND I HAVE OBEYED!

NEVER MIND THE FOLDEROL, SWAMI... LET'S GET DOWN TO BRASS TACKS!



WHEN I TELL YOU THIS STORY, YOU'LL KNOW WHY I SENT FOR YOU! MY WIFE WAS WALKING AROUND ONE OF MY LUMBER CAMPS WHILE I WAS DISCUSSING BUSINESS WITH THE FOREMAN IN HIS OFFICE. SHE APPARENTLY CAME UPON AN ABANDONED PART OF THE FOREST, SHE ENTERED, TAKING NOTE OF SIGNS WHICH WERE TACKED TO THE TREES / BEING A FOREIGNER, SHE COULDN'T READ THEM!



I AM POSITIVE I RECEIVED AN IMPRESSION OF THOSE SIGNS! SHE, HOWEVER, WENT ON INTO THE FOREST AND WAS KILLED WHEN SEVERAL TREMENDOUS EXPLOSIONS OCCURRED! THE SIGNS, OF COURSE, SAID: **KEEP OUT! DANGER! BLASTING!**



I SAW THOSE SIGNS... AND MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO AVERT MY WIFE'S TRAGEDY! THAT'S WHY I'M WILLING TO PAY YOU \$50,000... TO FIND OUT HOW AND WHY THE TRANSMISSION OF THOUGHT IS POSSIBLE!



THE FOOL IS GULLIBLE! HE
ALREADY BELIEVES IN
SOMETHING HIS LOGIC
TELLS HIM IS FALSE. BUT
I CAN CONVINCE HIM OF
ITS EXISTENCE!



PLAYING HIS CARDS
CLEVERLY, THE SWAMI
BEGAN THE FIRST PHASE
OF THE RUSE...
HYPNOTISM!

REALLY, SIR, THERE IS NOTHING
SUPERNATURAL ABOUT TELEPATHY
AND CLAIRVOYANCE. WE ACCEPT
THE FACT THAT SOUNDS AND
PICTURES ARE TRANSMITTED
BY THE MOST COMPLICATED
OF MACHINERY...

**THE HUMAN
MIND!**



FOUR MIND WERE TO ACT AS A
TRANSMITTER AND SEND PICTURE
MESSAGES AND ANOTHER MIND,
PERFECTLY ATTUNED WERE TO
ACT AS A RECEIVER, THEN THE
FORMER COULD PICK UP THESE
MESSAGES! DO YOU HEAR
ME?



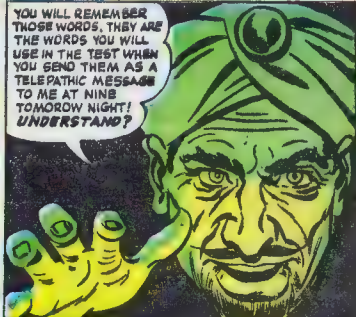
I... HEAR
... YOU...!

NOW REPEAT AFTER ME...
LITTLE MISS MUFFET SAT ON
A TUFFET, EATING HER
CURDS AND WHEY... **REPEAT!**

LITTLE...MISS...
MUFFET...SAT...ON
A... TUFFET...
EATING...HER
...CURDS... AND...
WHEY...



YOU WILL REMEMBER
THOSE WORDS. THEY ARE
THE WORDS YOU WILL
USE IN THE TEST WHEN
YOU SEND THEM AS A
TELEPATHIC MESSAGE
TO ME AT NINE
TOMOROW NIGHT!
UNDERSTAND?



I HOPE I DIDN'T BORE
YOU, MR. TURNER, WITH
MY LITTLE TALK. PERHAPS
YOUR MIND IS THE
TRANSMITTER AND
MINE THE RECEIVER.

YES, THIS IS THE
EXPERIMENT I SPOKE
OF. IF IT SUCCEEDS YOU
WILL RECIEVE THE
\$50,000 I
PROMISED!



I AM CONFIDENT THAT YOU
COULD SEND ME A THOUGHT
MESSAGE... OH, TOMORROW
NIGHT, LET'S SAY! AT
EIGHT...?

AT NINE! FOR
SOME REASON
I FEEL THAT IT
SHOULD BE AT
NINE!



HORACE TURNER HAD BEEN HYPNOTIZED NEATLY AND COMPLETELY. HE HAD BEEN GIVEN A POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION WHICH HE WOULD FOLLOW WITHOUT EVER UNDERSTANDING WHY HE DID SO..

SMART OF ME TO PICK MY ROOM TO CONDUCT THE TEST... CAN'T SUSPECT ANY KIND OF A TRICK THEN! AS FAR AS TURNER'S CONCERNED, THIS WHOLE THING IS ON THE LEVEL!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT BUT WE WERE SENT HERE TO LOOK FOR A SHORT WAVE RADIO SET OR A WIRELESS OUTFIT... WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

YOU'LL FIND OUT AS SOON AS THIS EXPERIMENT IS OVER. JUST GET ON WITH YOUR SEARCH.



THERE'S NOTHING HERE! DON'T KNOW WHY MR. TURNER WAS SO WORRIED!

NEITHER DO I, BUT BE SURE AND TELL HIM YOU FOUND NOTHING!



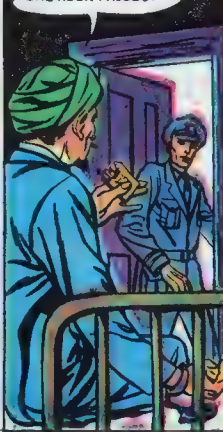
THIS IS ANOTHER SURPRISE MR. TURNER HAS... SAYS YOU SHOULDN'T MIND IF YOU'RE REALLY ON THE LEVEL! CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE ANY CHANCES.

SURE, GO RIGHT AHEAD!

ANYTHING TO EASE MR. TURNER'S MIND!



NOW BE SURE AND LOCK THAT DOOR BEHIND YOU! AND NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, DON'T OPEN IT UNTIL ONE HOUR PASSES!



FIFTY GRAND FOR JUST SITTING HERE WAITING FOR A FOOL TO THINK OF A NURSERY RHYME THAT I PLANTED IN HIS MIND!





LET'S SEE... THINK I'LL
GO TO EUROPE FIRST...
NEED A VACATION...
WHAT'S THAT?...
SMOKE!



**HELP! THE PLACE IS
ON FIRE! LET ME
OUT! OPEN THE
DOOR!**



**TURNER... HELP ME... I'M
BURNING... FIRE... TURNER
...HELP!!!**



**A FEW HOURS LATER IN A PRIVATE ROOM
AT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL...**

I WANT YOU TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF
HIM, DOCTOR. IN A WAY I AM
RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS CONDITION!
BESIDES I HAVE JUST LOST A
BET WITH THIS MAN!

A BET?



YES, HE HAS CONVINCED ME THAT TELEPATHY IS POSSIBLE
FOR I DID RECIEVE AND SEND A MESSAGE... ALTHOUGH IT
WAS IN REVERSE! I WAS TRANSMITTING A SILLY BIT OF
A NURSERY RHYME WHEN I VIVIDLY PICTURED THE SWAMI
HANDCUFFED TO HIS BED AND **SURROUNDED BY
FLAMES!** IT WAS SO VIVID THAT I COULDN'T
HELP BUT PHONE THE HOTEL... THEREBY SAVING
HIM FROM A HORRIBLE DEATH!



HOW'S YOUR **RECIEVER** WORKING,
...EH? YOU GOT THE **PICTURE**,
OF COURSE... IT ALL DEPENDS ON
WHAT YOUR **MIND** IS TUNED TO/
SWINDLE, PERHAPS... OR IS IT...
HEH... HEH... **MURDER!**

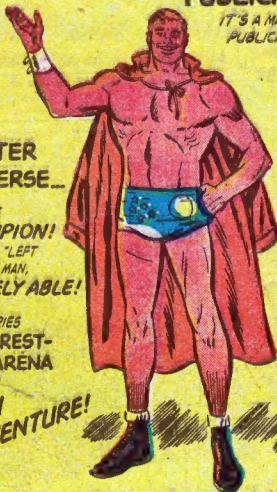
HEY KIDS LOOK-

IF

IT'S A...

**mister
PUBLICATION**

IT'S A MASTER
PUBLICATION!



**MISTER
UNIVERSE...**

THE
CHAMPION!
AND HIS "LEFT
HAND" MAN,
SCARCELY ABLE!

STORIES
OF THE **WREST-
LING ARENA**
AND

**HIGH
ADVENTURE!**

**BOTH ON SALE
AT YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSTAND!**

**SUBSCRIBE
NOW!**



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MYSTERY...**

WITH
HIS WEIRD
TALES OF

**HORROR
AND
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spot-reduces this simple way!

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay position \$6.95 plus delivery — or send \$9.95 full price and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose — except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT.

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Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days' trial period. I agree to \$1.00 plus shipping and handling fee (\$6.95 plus postage and handling). If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

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☐ **SAVE POSTAGE** — check here if you enclose \$9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Some money-back guarantee applies.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

MAIL THIS 10-DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW! ➡

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead... according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you—**are YOUR ears burning?** Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are... and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them... if they *want to!*

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man"... super at track, games, sports of all kinds... who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. **BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS!** Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a **SAFE** extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?

ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM

TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES

FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless... safe... fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores... make your skin look grimy and dingy... give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 3/8"

RUSH
COUPON
NOW!

**10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER**

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. We save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!



**No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!**



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

SALICO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. B 180-c
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.